

# The History of Whiggism, from their Rise, to their late horrid and Unparallel'd CONSPIRACY



To the Tune of, *When the Stormy Winds do Blow:*

On Calvinists of England,  
Who flourish with your Ease,  
And strive to make us Whigland,  
To breed a foul Disease:  
Marked you painted Saints,  
For we will let you know,  
The Cares and the Fears  
That by you Whigs do grow!  
The first of your Pretensions  
When that you did begin,  
Were gloss'd with good Intentions,  
But false at Heart within:  
No Faith in you was ever found,  
That Truth we plainly know,  
Of the Cares and the Fears  
That by you Whigs do grow.  
Queen Elizabeth she did desire,  
And soon found what you were;  
She made fit Laws against you  
By Parliament appear:  
Which late you have Repealed,  
But still CHARLES too well did know,  
Of the Cares and the Fears  
That by you Whigs do grow!  
Which Locusts in the Nation  
King JAMES could never love;  
Therefore he thought discretion  
To take his Son's Advice  
Of all your false pretences;  
For wisely he did know,  
Of the Cares and the Fears  
That by you Whigs do grow!  
When best of Kings and Princes  
Did give your hearts desire,  
If you were not contented,  
To the Crown you did aspire:  
Indeed you did do so;  
But on the Cares and the Fears  
Attends that Windy Blow!  
On the Mow you did trample,  
To make your Graves more high,  
With greater force to give the Stroke  
Against all Majesty:  
Ah! false and trait'rous Tobacchos,  
Such ways to let us know  
The great Cares and the Fears  
That by you Whigs do grow!

The Whig he then stood rampant,  
To us he gave his Laws;  
Yet such he dare not vaunt on,  
So sharp we felt his Claws:  
You then laid open what you were,  
And fairly made us know  
Oh, the Cares and the Fears  
That by you Whigs do grow!  
The Blessed Memory of a Royal Son,  
Whom Heaven guarded sure,  
And made us happy by his Return,  
Him you could not endure:  
Against His Life you did conspire,  
And Mighty JAMES did  
Oh, the Cares and the Fears  
That by you Whigs do grow!  
Peace, Plenty, and all that's good,  
Through His Conduct we have:  
Ungrateful Souls! to seek his Blood  
Who seeks us for to save;  
And by your late Rebellious ways  
Again to make us know,  
Oh, the Cares and the Fears  
That by you Whigs do grow!  
With furious Zeal you do inflame,  
And cause our Countreys burn:  
You work Confusion, but the blame  
On Innocents you turn.  
Your holy Mathe is dropping off,  
God grant it may do so,  
And stop the Cares and the Fears  
That by you Whigs do grow!  
May Collides, Ropes, and Haws, their Fate  
On Traitors all attends;  
While though it seems a little late,  
Yet still we know your end:  
Just Vengeance does not sleep,  
Though you do think it so:  
You'll have your share of the Cares  
That by you Whigs do grow!  
Long live Great CHARLES, our Pious King,  
Who cares when we do sleep,  
To keep still safe under his Wing  
From Ravenous Wolves his Sheep;  
He is preserv'd from Bears Clutch,  
The Lyons Jaw also,  
And from all Cares and all Fears  
That by you Whigs do grow!